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history, and the mansion in which the first Duke of Ormonde often entertained at his table two hundred gentlemen."

The collection of paintings at this castle has long constituted one of its principal attractions; and, as regards portraits, is still entitled to attentive examination; but many of the best pictures, on subjects of more general interest, have been removed. The Gallery is about 180 feet in length, but, like many similar apartments, designed in a past age for parade and the dance, rather than the judicious display of pictures, is greatly disproportionate in width.

The windows of the gallery, and of several other principal apartments, admit noble and captivating views over the city and a great extent of landscape. Kilkenny, from these windows, stands displayed with peculiar felicity; all its attractive buildings being exhibited in fine combinations, whilst the meaner parts are shut from observation.

Here, in 1399, was King Richard II. entertained for fourteen days. On the 23d of March, 1650, Oliver Cromwell invested Kilkenny with a considerable army. The garrison was much reduced by the ravages of the plague; but, however thin their numbers, a gallant spirit animated the defendants. On the following day the assailants endeavoured to gain possession of Irishtown, but were repulsed, and, early on the morning of the 25th, their cannon opened on the castle. A breach was effected about mid-day, but the besiegers were twice beaten off, on attempting to profit by that opportunity, and the breach was quickly repaired. It is said that Cromwell, apprehending a longer resistance than suited the expedition necessary in his military plans, was on the point of quitting the place, when he received overtures from the mayor and townsmen, who offered to admit him into the city. A parley was beaten, and a cessation agreed on at twelve o'clock next day, when the town and castle were delivered up.

The articles of capitulation were highly creditable to the garrison; and it is recorded, that Sir Walter Butler and his officers, when they marched out, were complimented by Cromwell, who said, "that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men in storming that place than he had in taking Drogheda; and that he should have gone without it, had it not been for the treachery of the townsmen." The first of Cromwell's high courts of justice met at Kilkenny, on the 4th of October, 1652; and it is a curious fact, that this court occupied the identical chambers used by the supreme Catholic council in 1642.

The fabric, viewed as a whole, impresses ideas of dignity and baronial splendour; for which it may be, perhaps, in some measure indebted to the renown it has obtained in history, as the former residence of noble persons greatly distinguished in the annals of their country, and as the scene of many important transactions at various periods.

THE POOKA.

"Goblins haunt from fire or fen,
Or mine, or flood, to the walks of men."—Collins.

Now that "the schoolmaster is abroad," there can be no question that the warm sun of education will, in the course of a very few years, dissipate those vapours of superstition, whose wild and shadowy forms have from time immemorial thrown a mysterious mantle around our mountain summits, shed a darker horror through our deepest glens, traced some legendary tale on each unchiselled column of stone that rises on our bleakest hills, and peopled the green border of the wizard stream and sainted well with beings of a spiritual world. While, however, the friends of Ireland cannot but be pleased in thinking that our peasantry should, from being better informed, renounce their belief in these idle tales of superstition, to which they, unfortunately, have for centuries been taught to listen with delight, to the exclusion of matters more rational and more important; it is to be hoped that the two prominent features of our antiquity as a nation, will not be altogether lost sight of—namely, our vernacular language, and those extraordinary legends, which are esteemed by many as going a great length to prove—from their remarkable analogy with the tales of

the eastern world—our oriental descent. Although "the good people" still retain a most respectable footing, a peasant may now travel from Cape Clear to Cunnemara without encountering that once dreaded personage, a ghost. Even the *Pooka*, or Irish goblin, has not for the last forty years, as far as our recollection serves, been known to shake the dripping ooze from his hairy hide, to approach the haunts of men, or to practise by the conscious light of the moon, like the fairies and satyrs of heathen mythology, any of those unlucky tricks upon his mortal neighbours, for which he was at one period so much dreaded in many portions of our island.

The Pooka is described as a frisky mischievous being, having such a turn for roguish fun, as to induce him to be all night in wait for the *carough* returning over the moor from the pleasures of the card-table, or for the frequenter of wakes. His usual appearance was that of a sturdy pony, with a shaggy hide. He generally lay couched like a cat in the pathway of the unfortunate pedestrian, then starting between his legs, he hoisted the unlucky wretch aloft on his crupper, from which no shin-breaking rushings by stone walls, no furious driving through white-thorn hedges, or life-shaking plunges down cliff and quagmire, could unseat him. The first crowing of the March cock respited the sorrowful rider, who generally ended this dear-bought tour by a tremendous fling from the pooka's back into some deep bog-hole, or thorny-brake, where ten thousand prickles reared their points to drink the blood of his bruised and broken flesh. On the other hand, he is reported to commiserate the lot of the benighted traveller; and there are some instances on record of his having gently trotted beneath the way-faring cottager for many a mile to the neighbourhood of the well-remembered cabin on the heath.

Feah-a-Pooka, in the county of Kerry, was, as its name imports, the haunt of one of those imaginary monsters. This feah, or marsh, belonged to Tim Dorney, a snug farmer, whose ancestors for many years occupied the adjacent farm, and who, honest men, in that golden age, never found it necessary to disturb the goblin in the favourite haunt, by reclaiming his dreary abode. But when the farm which his grandfather tilled came into Tim Dorney's occupation, a taste for improvement, and the necessary expenditure of a large and increasing family, induced him to cross-cut Feah-a-Pooka by drains and ditches; and two summers had hardly passed, when this haunt of the wild goose and the dark mischievous goblin, afforded a heavy sward of hay, and firm footing for man and beast. The pooka, thus beaten up and driven from the marsh, naturally turned his thoughts to the meditation of revenge on him who, with profane hand, rent asunder that sacred veil which the superstition of ages had woven round the dreaded spot.

Tim was a painstaking, industrious peasant, and accustomed to traverse his farm every night, to ascertain that no neighbouring cattle trespassed on his ground. One night, as he returned along the border of the marsh, he saw something shaped like a dark-coloured, long-tailed pony lie in the narrow way, directly across his path; and before he could slip aside, to shun the lurking apparition, the pooka (for it was he) suddenly started between the legs of the terrified farmer, and bore him off the ground. The goblin rushed along with the speed of the whirlwind, and Tim's first moment of reflection was employed in a fruitless attempt to fling himself to the ground; but he found that some invisible hand had bound him to the back of his supernatural enemy. It would be tedious to recount the hard rubbings against stone walls, and the wild rushings through quickset hedges, that Tim Dorney endured, while the rapidity of his flight completely deprived him of breath and utterance. At last they rushed towards a tall cliff, which frowned in horrid gloom above the deep river, and intercepted, by its giant bulk, the yellow light of the moon that gilt the mountain tops, quivered in the rustling foliage of the trees, and, brightening in its advance, burnished the trembling waters with liquid fire. The pooka pushed with unabated speed to the edge of the rock—then suddenly stopped, as if to add to the death-pang of his agonised victim, by a previous view of the fearful height and the dark waves that curled among the pointed

rocks below. Tim Dorney now concluding that all of this life would be ended for him in the next plunge, yelled a shriek of unutterable dismay. The tall cliff returned the piercing sound, which with the scream of the startled wild-fowl, and the demon voice of the pooka, that combined the mockery of human laughter with a wild, indescribable howl, blended in horrid unison along the lonely glen. Whether the pooka was satisfied with thus inflicting the pangs of a frightful death by anticipation, or that he possessed no power over human life, does not appear; but in the next moment he started from the fearful cliff, and returning through the deep ravines and tangled underwood, to a furze brake that skirted the border of a standing pool, plunged his unfortunate rider among the sharp bushes. Happy in his deliverance, he heard the troubled waters of the dark pool resound to the plunge of the returning pooka—beheld his uncouth figure glance darkly along the moor, till the lessening form grew dimly faint in the moonshine—and the hurried splashing of his rapid hoof broke the silence of the night no more. Tim, as may naturally be supposed, made the best of his way to the cottage; and being of true Milesian origin, determined on having his revenge upon his fiendish enemy.

It was a fine night in the month of August, when Tim Dorney, having sufficiently recruited himself after his adventure of wild horsemanship, walked forth, like him "that hath his quarrel just," doubly armed. His heels were furnished with a pair of long-necked spurs, that bore rowels contrived at the next forge, which could goad a rhinoceros to death. His hand wielded a loaden whip, so called from the handle being set with lead, and in the grasp of a strong man was capable of felling an ox. "He whistled as he went," not "for want of thought," for his mind was brooding over a plan of revenge against the pooka, who, according to his usual habit, started between the farmer's legs, and bore him off. Tim, nothing loth at the abduction, just when the pooka was commencing his antics, twisted the lash of the whip round his hand, and levelled such blows about the goblin's ears, as would have crushed any skull made of mortal, penetrable stuff, while the sharp-roweled spurs gave ample revenge for the pointed insults of the preceding night. "Dire were the tossings, deep the groans," of the pooka during this unmerciful ride; but Tim Dorney clung to him like a monkey, until the pooka lay down, outmastered by his mortal antagonist. Next night, Tim walked abroad in quest of his acquaintance. He whistled his favourite air of "Tham-a-hulla," to lull the suspicions of the latter, who held aloof, quite on his guard, eying the other from his lurking-place, and breaking his usual taciturnity by asking, in an uncouth voice, the well-remembered question, "*A will na gerane urth?*"*

Some years had now rolled their seasons round, and the pooka seemed to have entirely forgotten his antagonist, and his ancient dwelling of the marsh, when Tim Dorney had occasion to visit a gossip's sister's cousin's brother-in-law, who had lately come home after an absence of twenty-five years on board a man of war. The credit side of the account-sheet of this seaman's life was fraught with a copious list of wonders—"all his travels' history"—and a pension of nine-pence a day. On the debtor side stood the loss of the right arm, the closing of his starboard eye, and sundry minor details, received in the duty of boarding and cutting out, with occasional tavern scuffles. Tim was highly delighted at the "tough yarn" of his old acquaintance—heard with "gaping wonderment" the recital of a battle with a French seventy-four off the island of *Elbow* (Elba, where the relater lost his precious arm; an encounter with a Salee rover, which they sent down to *Old Davy*; and a dreadful storm near the island of *Moll Tow* (Malta; of voyages along the coast of *Tunis*, where the people are all *musicianers*; by *Tripoli*, famous for its *wrestlers*; and a journey through the desert of *Barka*, where the inhabitants, men and women, have *dog's heads*! The ale of a neighbouring *shebeen* greatly improved the sailor's turn for narration; and though the rain poured in torrents through the grass-grown roof of the cabin, yet

"The night flew on with songs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better."

But Tim being retained that night to form one of a party that had engaged to play at cards for two hundred of her-rings, and as he was a famous *carough*, he could not disappoint his friends, who mainly depended on Tim's address to carry off the wager. The rain had now ceased, and after grasping the sailor's hand, and requesting his company on a given night at *Feah-a-Pooka*, he departed. The moon, yet obscured by heavy clouds, cast a sad and sickly gleam along his path, which winding round a precipitous descent, led into the bosom of a deep glen, where the turbid mountain torrents had swelled into muddy waves the clear and beautiful brook, that erewhile had bubbled with soothing murmurs along the yellow pebbles. There was no sound on the hill, save the plaintive howl of the watch-dog, baying the broad round moon. The night wind slightly shook the thin foliage of the decaying wood that surmounted the steep sides of the glen, and the hoarse, hollow sound of the roaring river, that would seem to a fanciful ear the boding voice of the water fairy, echoed along the distant banks. Though Tim Dorney's education had taught him to people the loneliest scenes with beings of another life, yet he passed unappalled to the brink of the torrent, and sighed to behold that the force of the stream left him little chance of crossing over with safety. While he loitered along the bank, he was agreeably surprised to behold in a little cove, which led into a ford, a small horse, resembling a Kerry pony. He was tied by a halter, had a *pillen susa*, or straw saddle, on his back, and into one of the foldings of the straw saddle was stuck a *white-thorn* plant.* Tim, grateful for this favourable opportunity of moving homeward, had already his leg raised to mount, when the titter of suppressed laughter behind a crag, shook his heart with terror, and excited his suspicion of the pony. He had not meddled with the whitethorn stick, for he rarely went abroad by day or night unprovided with a choice hazel sapling.† This miraculous plant, against which nothing evil can contend, well served this time of need; for retiring a little, Tim Dorney bestowed so hearty a salute on the guileful pooka, (for it was he,) that the laughter sounds were changed into a wild howl, and as the pooka disappeared along the troubled stream, the dashing waters deluged the sounding banks.

But a time arrived when the persevering goblin wreaked cruel revenge on his hitherto fortunate adversary. It was approaching the 25th of March, when the farmers usually pay the rent; and Tim, who was extremely punctual in the payment of the half-year's gale, prepared to send a quantity of the last season's butter to Cork for that purpose. Wheel carriages were then totally unknown in that part of the country—"the sliding car, indebted to no wheels," glided in the vicinity of the farms, while burdens were conveyed to more remote places on the backs of horses. Five or six neighbours at this time were setting off to transmit the produce of the dairy to Cork, and Tim, with four stunted nags that usually ran wild and free on the mountains, fell into their company. Each little horse was generally laden with two *fullbounds* of butter; but one or two, whose owners were unable to furnish the even number of firkins, carried a large stone placed on the opposite side to balance the single one. After journeying all night, on the next morning an accident happened to Tim Dorney in his way through Millstreet, that seemed the type and forerunner of the evening's misfortune. As the *Kerry dragoons* marched in long procession through the single street that composes this little town, the drummer of a company of soldiers stationed in the barrack, "beat the doubling drum," with such "furious heat" as set all the ponies prancing beneath their riders and butter fir-

* The whitethorn is said to be an unlucky tree, and the peasantry are particularly careful that none of it forms any part of the roof or doorways of their houses, as such habitations would be liable to fairy visits.

† Tradition says, that the staff with which St. Patrick banished serpents and evil spirits from Ireland, was hazel—that the touch of hazel is instant death to venomous reptiles—and that unholy spirits fly at its approach.

kins. It happened that the nag on which Tim rode, by an unfortunate curvette on the slippery pavement, had his heels tripped up, and he fell under the load that lumbered on his back. The rider, whose Milesian irascibility was not much allayed at having the accident perpetrated by a red coat, drew his trusty *hazel* from its resting-place between the firkins, and by its instantaneous application to the drummer's head forced him to bite the dust. Though the drummer, for certain *striking* reasons, was no favourite with his comrades, yet a sentinel, who witnessed this insult to the *cloth*, levelled Tim with the butt-end of his piece. The alarm being given, the soldiers rushed thick and fast to assault the *Kerry dragoons*, and as quick rushed the town-folk to their support. The reader's imagination must supply what I would fail in delineating: it will suffice to tell, that after some broken heads and bayonet thrusts on both sides, the red-coats retreated to their strong-hold, and the triumphant Kerry-men were escorted by their faithful allies to the summit of *Mushra* mountain.

In the evening, the caravan came within view of *Blarney Castle*, while the last rays of the declining sun tinged its ivied turrets with golden hue. As the night breeze blew keen and fierce, our travellers halted at a small public-house on the road, to repel its chilling influence by a glass of spirits. Their delay was hardly for a minute, and they hastened to overtake the horses that moved at a slow pace before them; but suddenly some strange disorder began to prevail among the animals: some fled terrified along the road—others ran across the open common that extended to the right—and Tim Dorney's train, particularly, were observed to reach a fearful and perpendicular descent, from whose edge the road lay about twenty yards. Their terrified owner uttered a shriek of dread and despair, when he beheld the misshapen, hairy pooka urge his cattle to the steep cliff. It was only the work of a moment—they rushed as if by an irresistible impulse to the fatal brink, and, tumbling headlong, one instant beheld their shattered, lifeless carcasses strew the bottom of the stream-worn ravine; the pointed rocks below staved the butter-casks to pieces, and their contents were wholly lost. This was but the commencement of a train of misfortune to Tim Dorney. He was finally ejected from his snug, well-improved farm. *Feah-a-Pooka*, that had been in the occupation of his family for a hundred and fifty years before, passed into the hands of strangers; and the descendants of Tim Dorney are homeless wanderers on the earth; and such is the account which at this day is given by the remaining members of the family, of the commencement of their misfortunes. E. W.

In our 125th number, in a slight review of Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*, the reader will find the supposed derivation of the term *Pooka*. We presume to think the foregoing legend much more in character with the original, than any of the stories Mr. Croker has given under that head. It will at once be seen, that the illustration of the *Pooka* in "*The Fairy Legends*," which we copy, suits it to a tittle.



THE POOKA.

"Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the *Pouke*, nor other evil spright,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not,"—*Spenser*.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. * * * Look for her after a little, and you find Friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm."—*Sketch Book*.

Pale as a white rose, withering, she lay—
Beauteous, though dying—and her eye divine
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay,
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
She seemed too beautiful for Death's embrace,
And loveliness engirt her as a zone;
Language had fled, but Music's pictured grace
Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone.

Oh, thou! the perjured, cruel, faithless blind!
How could'st thou bow such sweetness to the dust?
How break the heart, where thy loved image, shrined,
Dwelt in the duty of undoubting trust?
But thou didst break it: Nature could not cope
With love neglected, whose undying power,
E'en from the very sepulchre of hope,
Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled flower.

Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect—
Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn.
Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
Forgave them all—then kissed the lock of hair
That from thy brow in happier days she shed,
Then looked to heaven, and prayed to meet thee there!

And with a tranquil look of hope and peace,
She bowed her head—the parting pang was o'er:
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught,
Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

I saw her buried with patrician state;
The sable plumes waved proudly o'er her bier,
With all the pomp that riches arrogate,
To deck the dust, to which they yield no tear.
And as I gazed upon the formal scene,
Where all was cold collectedness and art,
I thought one tear of secret grief had been
A fitter tribute to a broken heart.

DECREASE OF DRUNKENNESS IN LONDON.

The friends of temperance will be happy to hear, that the number of persons charged at the London police offices with this crime, in 1834, was one *third* less than that of the previous year, the decrease being above 10,000.

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